

5-1-1942

UA99/6/2 BUWKY May

Bowling Green Business University

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records

Recommended Citation

Bowling Green Business University, "UA99/6/2 BUWKY May" (1942). *WKU Archives Records*. Paper 122.
http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records/122

This Magazine is brought to you for free and open access by TopSCHOLAR®. It has been accepted for inclusion in WKU Archives Records by an authorized administrator of TopSCHOLAR®. For more information, please contact connie.foster@wku.edu.

MAY

BUWKY

1942



Page 227

231

239

10

10

10

Vol. VII

No. IX

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're
flying Uncle Sam's
bombers across
the ocean



WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), (*second from left, above*) says: "I found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

—AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!

GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice . . . you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain (*nearest camera*), a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO

CAMELS

There's LESS NICOTINE
in the smoke

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

IN MY NEW
DEFENSE JOB, LESS
NICOTINE IN THE
SMOKE IS IMPORTANT
TO ME. I STICK
TO CAMELS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



BUWKY BITS

By A. B.

Doleful bells ring out in dreary tones these days heralding the approach of the end of the school year proper. And for a lot of the men it means the end of school regardless of whether they are graduating or not. Yes—June will see our male students rushing off in every direction to join the army, the air corps or the navy or the marines. They're on their way and it will probably be a good while until they come back. We may as well face the cold, hard facts. Some of these boys will lose their lives in foreign fields and many a face that has been familiar around the Bowling Green campuses will be seen no more. So here's a toast to the boys who are going to war—Give 'em hell and show them the metal that American college men are made of.

It was interesting to see all the students tripping gaily down College street to get their sugar ration cards. It's funny how the war gets a lot closer to you after you've stood in line for an hour or so. And now that I've got the darn things I don't know what to do with them.

The month of May is always a big one socially in Bowling Green, what with spring formals, wiener roasts and picnics. And what the war has taken away the spirit of the students has brought back a hundred-fold.

Congratulations to all the boys on the hill who have qualified for officers' commissions in June on the strength of their R. O. T. C. training. They've worked hard for four years and they rate the break. Good luck fellows.

I heard this one on a fellow from Bowling Green who was with the army down in Louisiana some time ago on maneuvers.

It seems they were short of rifles that day and they gave him a broom stick instead. He was instructed to say "bang" if he wanted to use the broomstick as a rifle; "bang-bang" for a machine gun and "swish" for a bayonet.

Well—late that morning he was creeping through those Louisiana

jungles and he saw a member of the opposing forces coming toward him. Quickly he raised his broomstick for the kill and let out with a loud "bang." No response, the enemy kept walking toward him. He raised it again and said "bang-bang." Still no response. The enemy walked inexorably in his direction. The fellow was getting a little desperate by now and the other soldier was almost on top of him so he took a long chance and said "swish," but the soldier did not fall.

"Listen fellow," said our hero, "you've been shot with a rifle, machine-gunned and bayoneted. Now fall down and play dead."

At that outburst his enemy drew up to his full height and retorted, "Didn't you hear me say 'chug-chug?' I'm a tank."

And then there was the one about the rich man's son who was worth his weight in rubber.

P. S. I'm trying to "stretch" this column out. (Get it?)

This remark suggested by Walter Roper.

BUWKY

VOL. 7, No. 9

Whole No. LXII



TOM C. VENABLE
Managing Editor

The Buwky is published each month (ten times) during the college year except July and August, in the interest of the students of the Bowling Green (B)usiness (U)niversity and (W)estern (K)entuck(y) State Teachers College, Bowling Green, Kentucky. Editorial and advertising offices, 1023 College Street, Bowling Green, Kentucky. All business communications and manuscripts, drawings, items, etc., should be sent to this address.

Foreign subscriptions one dollar per year.

Since I first came to college I've wondered how it was going to feel to graduate. What it would be like walking across that stage to be handed a piece of paper. Think of it—four years of hard work for a piece of paper. Doesn't seem like much in the way of recompense, does it? And yet that diploma signifies one of the greatest things a person can have—a liberal education. An education which has given him the tools with which to wrest a living from the world. Here's hoping every senior this June can look back on those four years and say it was worth it.

Well—Until the summer issue of BUWKY, I guess I better say, —'Bye.

Love

At three years of age we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, clothes; at twenty, our sweethearts; at twenty-five our wives; at forty, our children; at sixty, ourselves.

A man was walking along the tracks of a railroad, seemingly in search of something or someone.

"What are you looking for?" inquired a curious bystander.

"The president of this line," was the answer.

"But you'll not find him here."

"Maybe not, but I'm on his track."

I wish I were a kangaroo
Despite his funny stances;
I'd have a place to put the junk
My girl brings to the dances.

Sheriff: "Sorry, young lady, but there ain't no swimmin' allowed in this lake."

Co-ed: "But why didn't you tell me before I undressed?"

Sheriff: "Wall, there ain't no law agin' undressin'."

Pat and Mike were detailed for scout duty overseas. The commanding officer ordered them to conceal themselves in a cow's hide and pretend to graze over toward the German trenches. Pat was given the front legs and Mike the hind legs.

All went well until Pat received a prod from his buddy. "Come on, let's get out of here," hissed Mike. "What's the matter?" queried Pat.

"Matter?" snorted Mike. "Here comes a German with a milk pail."

Abe Cohen, lying on his death bed, stretched out his hand and with his dying breath whispered to his wife:

"My children! Ikey, is you here?"

"Yes, fadder," said the child.

"Jakie!"

"Here, fadder."

And so the father named his children, and all were present when he named his last.

"And my first born, Mikey, iss you here too?"

"Here, fadder," said the dutiful son.

"Oh, Jerusalem be saved!" cried the patriarch as he jumped from the bed. "Who is running the business?"

An old darky approached the minister cautiously and very lightly tapped his shoulder.

"Parson, suh," he said, "Ah wants you all to pray foh me. Ah's in a bad way, suh."

"Well, Rastus, what's wrong with you?"

"Suh, ah's got a floatin' kidney, Ah has, suh."

"But, Rastus," replied the minister, "I can't pray for physical things like that; I only pray for spiritual things."

"You all can't pray for a floatin' kidney? Then how come you all praying last Sunday for the loose livers?"

Wot: "What's the idea of having the bar taken out of your house?"

Sot: "Do you remember the little man who wasn't there? Well, last night he brought a friend."

"An inmate just escaped from an asylum. He was tall and thin and weighed 250 pounds."

"Tall and thin, and weighed 250 pounds?"

"I told you he was crazy."

Hiram: "May I have the lantern to go see my girl tonight?"

Farmer: "Why I didn't carry a lantern when I went courting."

Hiram: "Yes, and look what you got!"

CALLING YOUR
ATTENTION TO A
TREMENDOUS
ASSORTMENT OF
SPORTS WEAR.

NORMANS

"The Store All Women Know"

"It will pay you to visit this store."

COME IN
AND SEE
OUR GREAT
NEW SUMMER
STOCKS.



©PR. 1942 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

5-

"Beg your pardon—thought you were my wife!"



PR. 1942 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

4-2

What he really needs is an old-fashioned girl like me

A Boy's Story of Sea Power

... and how it grew

By Paul S. Deems

From the earliest times, man has been bewildered and fascinated by the sea. Give a man water in small quantities and he can take it; lead him up to an ocean and he will simply stare at it, baffled. Intelligent men have, from time to time, become incensed at the sight of so much useless water, and have attempted to harness it. Their mightiest efforts have been to no avail—the oceans continue to undulate sickeningly, producing nothing better than fish and kelp. Economically speaking, then, the ocean is a total failure.

Historically, the ocean has been more successful. It has furnished a path of glory for the adventurer as well as the soldier, who has sailed over its dizzy surface to fame and conquest. With the growth of nations and their desire to enrich themselves by trade with other more gullible nations, came the need for protection. This protection is called Sea Power, and consists in the main of ships equipped to fight, and manned by men called sailors who have girls in every port.

The first boat was the result of an accident. Early man, though hardy in most respects, was very timid about water. Until the invention of wine, he drank nothing else, but it took a mighty fastidious CroMagnon to wash in it. Now, one fine morning, a CroMagnon by the name of Spill was washing in a tributary of what is now known as the Euphrates. Startled by the sound of some girls who were tying knots in his clothes, he slipped and fell in. Just by luck his arm struck a floating log, at which he grabbed desperately. To his amazement he discovered that he remained afloat as long as he held on to the log, for when he turned it loose he went down three times in rapid succession and was drowned. This was unfortunate.

Less than a thousand years after the death of Spill, his descendants had learned how to build a fairly respectable dug-out by laboriously burning out the inside of a tree. With careful balancing, one could voyage dryly over the widest river, provided there was a sufficient reason for attempting such a fool-hardy thing in the first place. This was the beginning

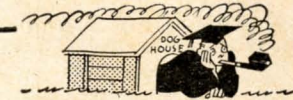
of the Boat. Sea Power was to come later.

The boat as we know it today was conceived somewhere in the eastern end of the Mediterranean Ocean, near Siddown and Tyred. Making dugouts was a long, exasperating process, and every time you got in you soiled your trousers with charcoal. Besides, a dug-out was a small and unreliable craft, absolutely useless for spooning. Or so Boaz found. The third time he lost his fiancée overboard, she gave him back his ring, and said that her father was right: Boaz was an idle dreamer, and would never amount to shucks. Boaz was hurt, but he was also addicted to boating. Being a carpenter by trade, it wasn't long until he had built a boat that was the wonder of that part of the coast. Instead of using just one log, he had built a hollow boat out of planks, 13 cubits high and five ells wide. Finding that it was too large to paddle, he sat down and invented the sail. This took him two and a half years longer, and firmly convinced that he was a crack-pot, his fiancée Hedda married an Egyptian who was in the country to collect taxes. Boaz gave them the boat for a wedding present and threw himself down the nearest well. He, too, was drowned; this was very unfortunate, because he had made the first Ship and didn't know it.

Thutmoses the Third, then King of Egypt, heard about the boat and bought it. No Sea Power yet.

The Phoenicians heard about it too, and built several of their own. Not knowing how to operate the sails, the first good wind took them many, many miles down the coast, where they shrewdly sold the ballast to the natives as a cure for peritonitis, arthritis, lignitis, and neuritis. They left the ships, and came home on foot, but they were quite wealthy, even so. After a while they learned to wait till the wind had changed, and then they could sail both ways. They became even wealthier, while the Egyptians growled and grumbled. Finally the Egyptians, out of sheer spite, tried to sink one of the Phoenician vessels by throwing rocks at it. The Phoenicians retaliated by accidentally ramming and sinking one

(Continued on Page Four)

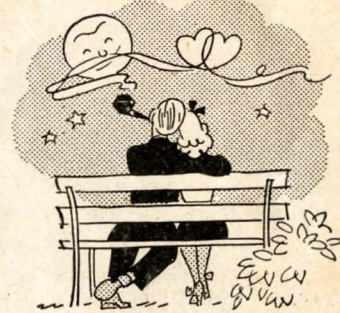


FOUL PIPE NE'ER WON FAIR MAID

—but Dan's out of the dog house now!



"TAKE YOUR RING and go away! You're finished with college, but I'm finished with men who smoke smelly pipes! My heart says yes, but my nosesays phew! Good-bye!"



SO DAN REFORMED. He switched to Sir Walter, the mild blend of fragrant burleys. His girl took one sniff...smiled...snuggled. Try it for moonlight and noses.

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION MADE

Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE** Every Wednesday night—NBC Red Network

A Boy's Story of Sea Power

(Continued from Page Three)

of the Egyptian ships in an effort to get out of the harbor. The next time they did it on purpose—they had discovered the use of Sea Power. Many Egyptians and Phoenicians were drowned.

The use and application of Sea Power has remained essentially the same. The invention of the tea-kettle by James Watt made sailing vessels unpopular, just as armor-plate made wooden ships out-of-date a few years later. But aside from these unimportant external changes, Sea Power is the same, and every country with a coast-line either has Sea Power or wishes that it had some, and countries without any coastline try to get one so they can have Sea Power too.

The United States has Sea Power, consisting of Battleships, Heavy Cruisers (plain and fancy), Light Cruisers, Heavy Destroyers, Light Destroyers, Heavy Submarines, Light Submarines, Airplane Carriers, Tenders, Colliers, Mother Ships and Miscellaneous Ships. They are named as follows: Battleships—names of states (Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, etc.). Cruisers (Heavy)—cities of more than a million population (New York, Brooklyn, Bronx, Philadelphia, etc.). Cruisers (Light)—cities of less than a million population (Texarkana, Canon City,

New Laguna, Raton, Pohasset Junction). Destroyers—famous men (Two-gun Crowley, Boss Tweed, Jack the Ripper, Lon Chaney, etc.). Submarines—names of fish (Shark, Jellyfish, Blowfish, Flounder, Lungfish, etc.). Carriers—(Savages Station, Mechanicsville, First Bull Run, etc.), etc. A good first class Battleship may cost as much as \$30,000,000, less conning tower and scuppers. It is interesting to note that Battleships are no longer built with a mizzen mast, since the main mast has been moved back to take its place.

Most of the United States Sea Power is painted Battleship gray, and is full of quaint traditions. The Captain, or Admiral, is always called "Skipper" by the men, and the men themselves are usually called "Tars," "Jolly Tars," or "Jack." When all the men are

wanted upstairis for some task, the boatswain "pipes" all hands on deck. If a tar is angry, instead of saying "dammit!" he oaths "Well, I'll be keel-hauled!" Time is reckoned in bells, and all clocks are called "chronometers" (Gr. chrono-time, meter-measuring device for). All non-tars are "land-lubbers," and the ocean is affectionately known as "the bounding main." Scrubbing the deck is called "holy-stoning," and the kitchen chimney is called "Charles Noble." There have been some very famous sailors in history: Jonah, Long John Silver, Jutland, Captain Fury, Captain Bligh, Leaf Erickson—scores of them.

The news reels are very fond of Sea Power, and take many pictures of it. The officers are all trained at a school near Annapolis, in Maryland. The school mascot is a goat named Bill.

GRADUATION PHOTOGRAPHS Are Better At QUINN'S

Keep school-day memories alive. . . . Exchange photographs with your friends. Make yours a

"Portrait With Appeal" from

QUINN PHOTO SERVICE

PHONE 2041

1019½ STATE STREET



"Hello, Washington? I'd like to speak to the co-ordinator of matrimony!"



"Sorry, sir, but the archery demonstrator is a bit off the beam today."

Glossary of Nautical Terms

Affidavit—a support for life boats.

Bulkhead—a dumb sailor.

Binnacle—acme, the very top.

Furl—v. t., to baffle, to thwart; as “Curses, furling again.”

Galley—the heart of the ship.

Grog tot—the midshipman who brings the rum ration.

Grommet—a kind of gull.

Keel—v. t., to take life, to slay wantonly.

Log—any small projection.

Lubbers Line—what the sailor's girl goes for when the Fleet is out.

Rudder—be right than President.

Scupper—the Captain.

Winch—sailor's sweetheart.

Yaw—to stretch the lower jaw.

—The Pointer.

A flea and a fly in a flue
Were imprisoned, but what could
they do?

Let's flee said the fly,
Let's fly said the flea,
So they flew through a flaw in the
flue.

“Why do the most important
men on the campus always get the
prettiest girls?”

“Why you conceited thing.”

BAD INSTRUCTIONS

G-Man: “He got away, did he?
Didn't you guard the exits?”

Constable: “Yep. He must have
gone out one of the entrances.”

“Yeah, I bought a bear cub for
a pet, but he turned out to be
cross-eyed.”

“What do you call him?”

“I call him Gladly, like that
bear in the hymn.”

“Gladly? Which hymn is that
in?”

“You know, Gladly, my cross-
eyed bear.”

There's the fellow I'm laying
for,” said the hen as the farmer
crossed the yard.

IF IT'S SATURDAY

If you are caught in hot water,
be nonchalant; take a bath.

The man walked into a restaur-
ant ornate in its futuristic deco-
rations. He was ushered to a table
and ordered a glass of water. The
waiter brought the water, which
the man swallowed with one gulp,
and asked for another.

While the waiter was away the
man took out a small package of
sandwiches and spread them on
the table. No sooner was this done
than a severe looking individual
came to the table and said:

“I beg your pardon, sir, but this
isn't—

“Who are you?” interrupted the
man.

“I am the manager,” was the
impressive reply.

“Good,” said the man. “I was
just going to send for you. Why
isn't the orchestra playing?”

If it's funny enough to tell, it's
been told; if it hasn't been told,
it's too clean; and if it's dirty
enough to interest a frosh, the
editor gets kicked out of school.

“Is that hound a bird dog?”

“Sure. Come here, Rover, and
give the lady the bird.”


Dresses	4.99
	3.99
	3.00
Slack Sets	4.99
	3.99
	2.99
Slacks	2.99
	1.99
	1.99
Slips	1.19
Play-Suits	3.99
	2.99
	1.99

Use Our Lay-away Plan

**Thrifty Dress
Shop**

915 College Street

**C-O-O-L
TROPICAL**



**PORTIS
STRAWS**

as featured in Collier's
We've captured the spirit of
the tropics. Interchangeable
“pug” bands . . .
colorful . . . and
gay!

\$1.95 TO \$5

Warren's Men's Store

60c

Get your Spring and Summer Clothes
CLEANED AND RECONDITIONED
NOW!

**BAND BOX
CLEANERS**

220 13th Street

One Block from Western.
Two Blocks from B. U.

HELM HOTEL COFFEE SHOP

“BOWLING GREEN'S SMART
EATING PLACE”

Sunday---75c Dinner for 50c

To Bowling Green Residents and Students

EDITORIAL PLIGHT—

We cannot find, for love or
money,
A joke that's clean and also is
funny.

Father: "Your new brother just arrived."

Modern Brat: "Where'd he come from?"

Father: "Oh, from a far away country."

Modern Brat: "Another alien."

Rastus and Liza were married but a short time when he came home with a big washtub, a washboard and a handsome three-foot mirror.

Liza: "What's all de truck you
brung?"

Rastus: "You-all kin take yo pick. Yo kin take de tub and wash-board and go to work, or you kin take de mirror and set down and watch yo'self starve."

Farmer: "Seems like I've been findin' an awful lot of dead crows in the fields lately."

Second Farmer: "Yup, Pete Clay down the line made a scarecrow out of the duds his boy brought home from college and the birds have been laughing themselves to death."

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet,
'Twas there he fell way into debt,
For Romeo'd what Juliet.

The codfish lays a million eggs,
The barnyard hen but one;
The codfish doesn't cackle
To show what she has done.
We scorn the modest codfish,
The cackling hen we prize,
Proving that, beyond a doubt,
It pays to advertise.

I once had a classmate named
Guesser,
Whose knowledge lot lesser and
lesser.

It at last grew so small,
He knew nothing at all—
And now he's a college professor.

Lives there a man with a soul so
dead
Who never to himself has said,
"To heck with studies,
I'm going to bed!"

He (on phone): "Hello, what are you doing?"

Feminine Voice: "Getting ready for church."

He: "Sorry. Wrong number."

Then there was the man who invented a glass eight ball for people who like to look ahead.

If you are a brunette and want to be a blonde, sleep on the beach for several nights. You're sure to get up with sandy hair.

Pledge: "Must I eat this egg?"

Active: "You're dern right."

Silence.

Pledge: "The beak, too?"

FOUNTAIN PENS

Sheet Music—Musical
Goods—School Supplies

MAX R. POTTER

Home of "Dr. Potter's Famous Pen Hospital"

D U R B I N ' S
DEPARTMENT STORE
QUALITY AT A SAVING



"All I said was 'a guy just walked by with your blond.'"



"He's a magician—he does it every time you say 'at ease'!"

Picking up the Pieces

By Hobson Sinclair

Yes, only 30 per cent of the records waxed last year may be waxed this year, (that's war). Yes, used records will be salvaged to make new records, (that's practical), but the same bands will play. Very few band members have been drafted, or will be soon. Uncle Sam wants us to keep up our morale, (that's obvious). And, these records made from reclaimed wax are the same quality as new records. The materials that are so drastically restricted can be salvaged and combined with new elements to produce the same fine quality records, (that's straight!)

T. Dorsey makes way to the head of the parade with another hit from "The Fleet's In," titled "I'LL TAKE TALLULAH." It kicks in with a conga beat, then Frank, the pipers, and band take turns to praise Tallulah. Some temptin', tantalizin' horn tootin' fills out the 2 min. 38 sec. masterpiece. Reviewin' the reverse is bread 'n' butter, 'cause it's Cy Olover's "NOT SO QUIET PLEASE." Cy turns to the skins for music, and the drums take a beatin'. We've been waitin' for a good drum solo for quite a bit, and here it is at the peak. (Victor 27869).

You people who thought "JERSEY BOUNCE" was written for instrumental use only, get a cheerful earfull of these four queens, the four King sisters, vocalizin' it. It's their sort of beat, and their arrangement just can't be beat. As we round the half way mark, (I should o' used that Derby Day) we see "HEAVENLY HIDE-AWAY" is in the lead. Tempo

slows down, relax, 'cause it's easy on the listenin'. Cool, deep, almost lazy by a quiet stream. Beautiful ballad. (Bluebird B-11526).

Jimmy Dorsey plays "FULL MOON," with Bob Eberly turnin' that super voice toward the mike. It rounds off with a full bodied instrumental. Sparklin' use of a top song. Reversin' the couplin' we find Dorsey dressin' up Rubinstein's "Romance." It's called "IF YOU ARE BUT A DREAM," and it's Bob again on the vocal. The number promises to be another "Tonight We Love." (Decca 4312).

"THREE LITTLE SISTERS" is a honey from the word go! There's a vocal quartet quarteting in slightly terrific fashion on a lyric that features a killer-diller of a last line punch. Vaughn Monroe then turns to "BE BRAVE, BE-LOVED," which he touches tenderly in this romantic, beautiful ballad. (Bluebird B-11508).

Jack (that man o' the blues) Teagarden tells a tale of the future called "A HUNDRED YEARS FROM TODAY." Then shadows deepen and alter their shape as Teagarden plays "NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN." Both vocals are taken by Jack himself, and say! watch for some slick trombone slidin' for neat breaks on both sides o' said platter. (Decca 4317).

Hal McIntire (the Cinderella band man) has groomed the Irvin Berlin hit "I THREW A KISS IN THE OCEAN," for a real place in the sun. A silk plush arrangement showcases the beautiful melody while Penny Parker underscores the lyric with emotional appeal. The turntable twin is "DAISY MAY," a swing kid with

medals by Hal and Arletta May. The tempo's easy for dancin' and the riffs solid. An instrumental send off and a sax solo provide a neat McIntyre double. (Victor 27872).

Bing Crosby (now on Decca 18M series) records with Mary (Continued on Page Eight)

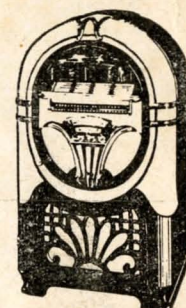
STOP HERE



**TASTY
REFRESHMENTS**



SMART SERVICE



**WURLITZER
PHONOGRAPH MUSIC
THE
UNIVERSITY INN**

"Just Around the Corner from
the B. U."



**Special
Prices
for**

GRADUATES



Preserve Schoolday Memories WITH A PORTRAIT

Don't lose the memory of joyful schooldays . . . Why not exchange photographs with your school chums—it will preserve happy friendships!

Call Tomorrow! Make Your Appointment Early.

FRANKLIN'S STUDIO

530 1/2 State

Phone 212

Picking Up The Pieces

(Continued from Page Seven)

Martin "LILY OF LAGUNA." John Scott Trotter is the orchestra and directs the record. Back waxin' is what we've been waitin' for. "WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE." Mary and Bing mix the sweet, hot, and the characteristic Crosby, 'Boo, boo, boo,' for a swell platter. (Decca 18278).

BY THE WAY . . . Artie Shaw enlisted in the navy as a first class seaman. Glenn Miller bought half interest in the famous night club, Castel Manana. Tommy Dorsey drove a truck until he found he couldn't drive and play the sliphorn, so he gave up the truck. Abbott & Costello (R. C. A. artists) are now on a coast to coast tour to make \$300,000 in order to buy the government a bomber.

This is probably the last article I will write, so I would like to thank each and every reader that has struggled through this little episode in my life with me. Remember this, an' I mean it. If you have enjoyed readin' 'em, think how much I've enjoyed writin' 'em. H. S.

There is always a tie between father and son—and the son usually wears it.

Radio is stuff that I would have a smaller automobile or none at all if it weren't for.

Gasoline is stuff that if you don't use good in your car it won't run as well as if.

Glue is what the flaps on envelopes would stick down better if you had good on.

A desk is when you're tired working you don't sit at.

Gas is stuff that if you turn it on and don't light it the soft music they play you don't hear.

A colored preacher at the close of his sermon discovered one of his deacons asleep. He slyly said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?"

Deacon Brown sleepily replied, "I just dealt."

Recruiting Sergt.: "Well, mister, are you brave in battle?"

Joe: "Naw suh, I runs away from the enemy."

R. S.: "Why man, that's a coward's trick."

Joe: "Ah know suh, but there's got to be somebody to pick up the brave men after the battle."

Go Home Looking Swell!

Look your best for the folks!

WRIGHT'S BARBER SHOP

Come in and let us give you a hair cut—you'll be pleased!

On College, between 10th and the Square. Next door to Max B. Potter.

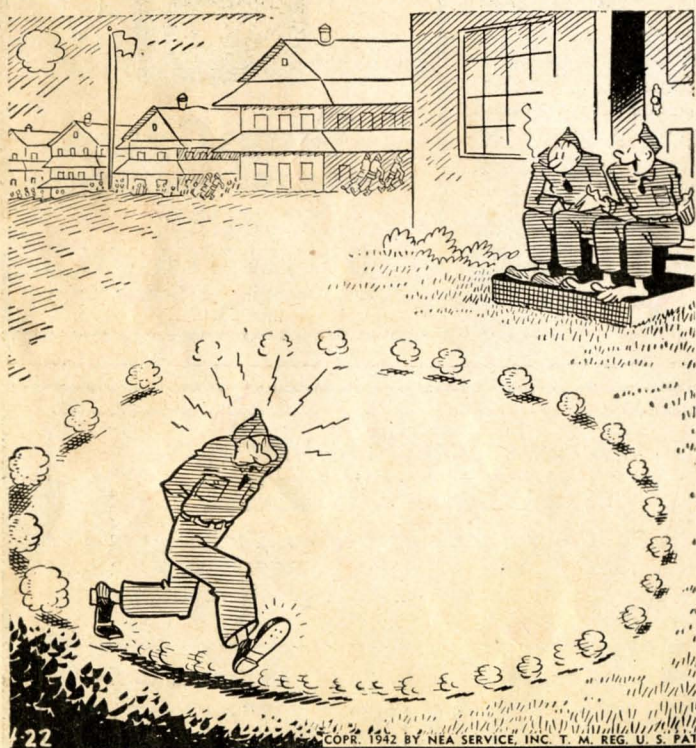
If you have a craving for good hamburgers, why not get the best?

THE MIDGET KITCHEN

Between State and College on 11th.

Short Order Specialist

You'll be pleased with our food.



"Every time his girl friends writes him a letter he doesn't like, he starts going around in circles—so I gave him my shoes to break in!"



"Once a week each member of the office force is bounced on this life net and the loose change invested in war stamps."

A STERLING RE-CREATION OF COLONIAL LOVELINESS



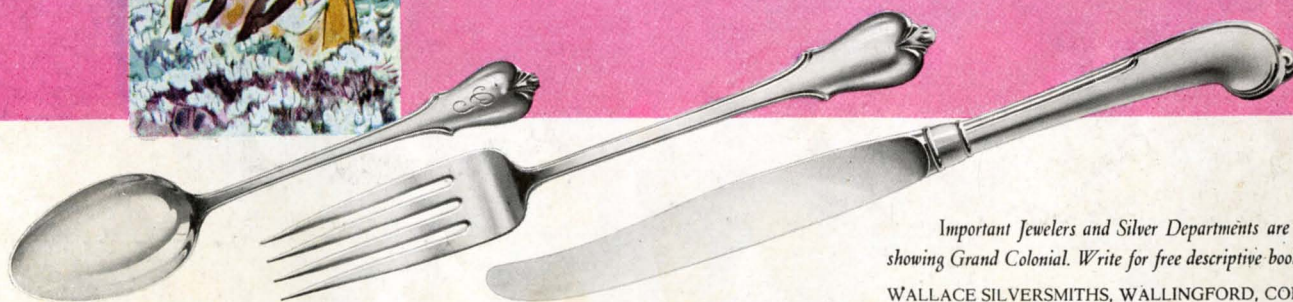
America's leading designer of Sterling Flatware creates a new pattern in the American Tradition

William Warren, designer of Grande Baroque, "the most glorious ornate pattern of all time," now gives you a pattern that glorifies Colonial loveliness. The silhouette is inspired by the Colonial Fiddle motif. . . rhythmic curves proportioned in perfect harmony. The full, "3rd dimension" form is modeled in subtle grandeur, crowned with a sparkling petal

scroll tip. The finish is a soft glowing opalescence not found in any other pattern. You will love the individuality of each piece. In knives you have a choice of the conventional or authentic traditional pistol grip. And the shield is a perfect setting for your initial, monogram or crest. Ask your Jeweler to show you this loveliest of all plain patterns.



WALLACE
Grand Colonial



Important Jewelers and Silver Departments are now showing Grand Colonial. Write for free descriptive booklet.
WALLACE SILVERSMITHS, WALLINGFORD, CONN.

RITA HAYWORTH
Columbia Pictures Star
with her own Chesterfield
vanity-cigarette case



IN MY CASE

It's
Chesterfield

In mine too say millions of satisfied smokers... for a *Milder* and *decidedly Better-Tasting* cigarette, one that's *Cooler-Smoking*, you just naturally pick Chesterfield.

And of course the big thing in Chesterfield that is giving everybody so much more smoking pleasure is its *Right Combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos... for regardless of price there is no better cigarette made today.

MAKE YOUR NEXT PACK CHESTERFIELDS... and enjoy 'em *They Satisfy*